

Always the Same

PURITY FLOUR



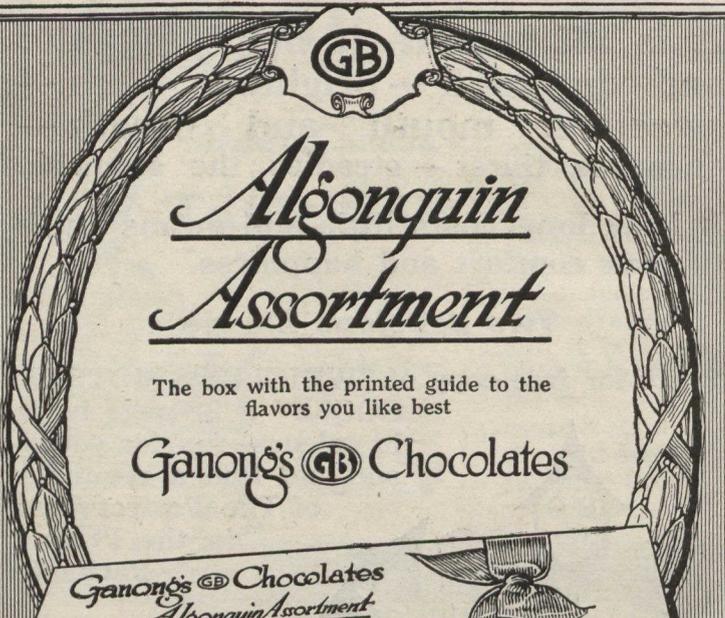
Day in and Day out.

Week in and Week out.

Year in and Year out.

Always the same.

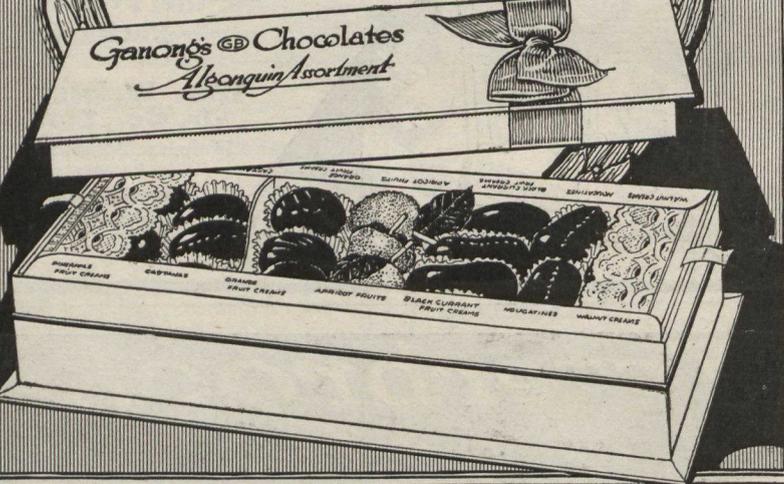
727



Algonquin Assortment

The box with the printed guide to the flavors you like best

Ganong's GB Chocolates



WHITE LABEL ALE

leads them all

AND you never grow indifferent to its inimitable flavor—so inviting, tasty, irresistible! With your down-town lunch, or home week-ends, or for suppers—everytime and everywhere—White Label Ale stands the acid test of discriminating people. Try it.

Sold by All Good Dealers and Hotels

Brewed and bottled by

Dominion Brewery Co. Limited
TORONTO



one surmise if he was quite right in the other. There was certainly a girl in the case—the girl whom Trickett had seen for one brief and delicious moment at the door of the hat-shop. But Jimmie was by no means in the state of not knowing what he wanted. He wanted to see that girl—he meant to see her—he was going to see her. She was the most charming girl he had ever seen in his life of three-and-twenty years—he had told himself that a thousand times already since seeing her for those all-too-short seconds—and he meant to have speech with her. Hence the purple and fine linen; hence the loss of immediate appetite; hence the preoccupation which filled him as a taxi-cab bore him swiftly to the corner of Brook Street.

"I'm going to buy a hat—I'm going to buy a hat," he said to himself as he gripped his umbrella and walked up the street into which he had driven Nicholson Packe two brief hours before. "A hat—a hat! Pull yourself together, Jimmie Trickett, my boy—cool and steady's the word!"

He walked slowly past the hat-shop, desirous of taking what he called a squint at it before he made his definite descent upon it. It was a very grave, sober, eminently severe-looking establishment; a plain, unornamented house, its front painted of a conventional yellowish-white; its upper windows curtained, blinded, and lightened with flower-boxes, its only sign of business the name Valerie et Cie in unobtrusive gilt letters above the ground floor window, in which, as he had noticed in the morning, were displayed three specimens of the hat-maker's art, resting on slender brass rods. This, thought Jimmie Trickett, was doubtless one of those places where the most exclusive of the most exclusive grand dames purchased their head-gear; it might be that a mere man had never entered the premises alone before, and that dreadful things would befall such an adventurer as he destined himself to be—he might even make himself ridiculous. But at the moment of most fear, Jimmie also found the priceless and right amount of desperate courage.

"HERE goes," he said, and swung on his heel. "Since they're sellers, they'll welcome buyers. I'm a buyer—for cash!"

It was one of this young man's chief attributes to be able to preserve a grave, stolid, and unmoved countenance at critical moments. His face was therefore calm, composed, eminently business-like when he opened the door of Valerie et Cie and walked into the establishment with which—or rather, with an inmate of which—he so ardently desired further acquaintance.

Jimmie found himself alone. Also he discovered that this shop for ladies' hats was not at all like the shops in which hats for men are sold. There were no shelves with innumerable cardboard boxes arranged in order upon them. There was no smell of new felt, no suggestion that silk headgear is really made out of rabbit-skin, no evidence of trade. What he had stepped into was a bright and snug little parlour, made gay by light and tasteful wall-paper, old coloured French prints, and a crackling fire.

"Rummy sort of shop," mused Jimmie, looking about him. "Wonder if there's a bell, or if you thump the floor, or pull the cat's tail, or what?"

Just then, however, a heavy velvet portiere immediately in front of him was gently drawn aside, and there appeared a tall and buxom lady, handsomely attired in sables, who, at sight of this so elegantly dressed young gentleman, uttered a little exclamation of astonishment in which there was a distinct note of apology. Jimmie executed a profound bow.

"You wish to be attended to, sir?" asked the lady in good English, but with a decidedly foreign accent. "You have not seen anybody?"

"I—the fact is," answered Jimmie, "I want to buy a hat. Something, don't you know, like those things in the window."

The lady in the furs smiled sweetly and suavely.

"Precisely, sir," she answered.

"Here, however, we make the hats. Our customers, for example, come to us and consult. We advise—we study—we decide, our customers and ourselves, on what will be suitable. Then—we create. This hat, now, which you desire to buy, is it for your wife, perhaps?"

"The fact is," replied Jimmie, who had invented several lies as he drove up town, "I have a sister out in India, don't you know. I want to send her a hat for a Christmas present. The very best hat you can buy in London, you know. Don't mind a bit what I give for it, eh?"

The furred lady smiled again and took in Jimmie's innocence and large heartedness at a glance.

"Exactly, sir," she said graciously. "You shall have our best attention. I myself am obliged to go out just now—an important engagement—but I will place you in the hands of my confidential assistant, who will devote herself to you. These matters, sir, so seemingly unimportant to gentlemen, are, in reality, of supreme anxiety."

"Awfully good of you," said Jimmie. The lady stepped back and drew aside a curtain.

"Miss Walsden!" she called into some mysterious interior. "Will you please to come here, Miss Walsden?"

Jimmie Trickett felt his heart, after one wild leap, begin to thump against his ribs as if he had just done some terrible athletic feat not quite in condition. His eyes sought the carpet; they looked up; he saw the portiere drawn aside—heavens! the girl of the morning stood before him!

ENDOWED with an eminently susceptible nature, Jimmie Trickett had up to that moment remained singularly heart-whole. He had seen a great many pretty young women, beautiful young women, charming young women, and had admired them greatly without quite falling in love with them. But something told him as he looked at the fashionable hat-maker's pretty assistant that he was in high danger of falling head over ears in love. It puzzled him; there were doubtless prettier girls in London than this, and yet, he already doubted if there could be. In his present confused state of mind he could not arrive at any very exact idea of her. He had brought away from the morning's mere glimpse a recollection of a lissome figure, a pair of violet eyes, a dainty head crowned with hair of the colour of old gold, a general sense of—he did not know what. And now as he looked more closely, shy as his glances were, he began to inform the most inmost of his inner self that he was in for it.

"This gentleman, Miss Walsden," he heard the lady of the sables saying in her suave tones, "desires to send a hat to his sister who is in India. Perhaps you will consult with him? You will excuse me, sir," she continued, turning to Jimmie. "My appointment! I must go."

"Oh, ah, certainly—very happy, I'm sure," responded Jimmie. "I mean—I'm much obliged to you."

He politely opened the door for the proprietress, closed it upon her and turned to the assistant, who regarded him with a business-like glance.

"Did you tell Madame Charles what you exactly want, sir?" she asked. Jimmie straightened himself.

"Er—no!" he answered. "You see—I don't know what I want, don't you know. That is, I want to buy a hat. Rippin' sort of hat, you know; best sort of thing one can get. Want it for a—a Christmas box for my sister, who's in India, you know!"

The girl smiled. There was both perplexity and amusement in her smile, and she shook her head.

"I thought all one would have to do would be to buy a hat and stick it in a box, and post it, don't you know?" added Jimmie. "Eh?"

"Oh, but that's not the way at all," said the girl. "Hats are—most important. They are—created. How old is your sister, sir?"

"Old? Oh, I believe she's the same age that I am," answered Jimmie. "Yes, yes, of course she is; we're twins, you know. Twenty-three."

"Is she dark, sir, or is she fair?" asked the girl.

"I think—oh, yes, she's fair—she's